



"COLUMNS, CORNICES, DOMES, SPIRES, AND MINARETS STAND OUT AGAINST THE DARKNESS OF SPACE."

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The City of Living Light.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

THE WONDERFUL ILLUMINATION THAT IS THE MOST STRIKING AND BEAUTIFUL FEATURE OF THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO — THE PREDOMINANCE OF THE SPECTACULAR ELEMENT IN THE DISPLAY.

THE haze of dusk blurs the outlines of the buildings, and the riot of color blends into an indefinite dun mass. The weary ones turn towards the gates, and wonder if their numbed legs will carry them thither. They are glutted with seeing things; their brains have been rolled into picture films, thousands of feet long. They have looked upon nature cut to measure, polished, twisted, turned, and decorated, put forth in orderly array with fanatical regard for geometrical precision; they have looked upon the achievements of proud man, whose mighty works do his boasting for him; and they feel as if their receptive powers were exhausted. They are in a state of hopeless nervous exhaustion, for sight seeing affects most of us like a paralyzing, deadening drug.

In a dim, uncertain way, those who have worked so hard to see things become conscious of a faint flush in the gloom, as if millions of fireflies sought to fight the coming darkness, and were blushing at their own temerity. It deepens into pink, and then are formed long lines with sharp angles, sweeping curves, and curious, twisted shapes. The pink deepens into red, and the rosy light swiftly melts into a soft, luminous yellow. Everywhere there is light; the whole world seems bathed in it, and it is a world of supernal glory into which the wearied ones are translated, for the mind cannot leap beyond this brilliancy. It frees them from the vise of weariness, rubs out the impressions that clog their brain, and makes them gasp and tremble with the happiness which comes from overwhelming beauty



THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE, BY PHILIP MARTINY.

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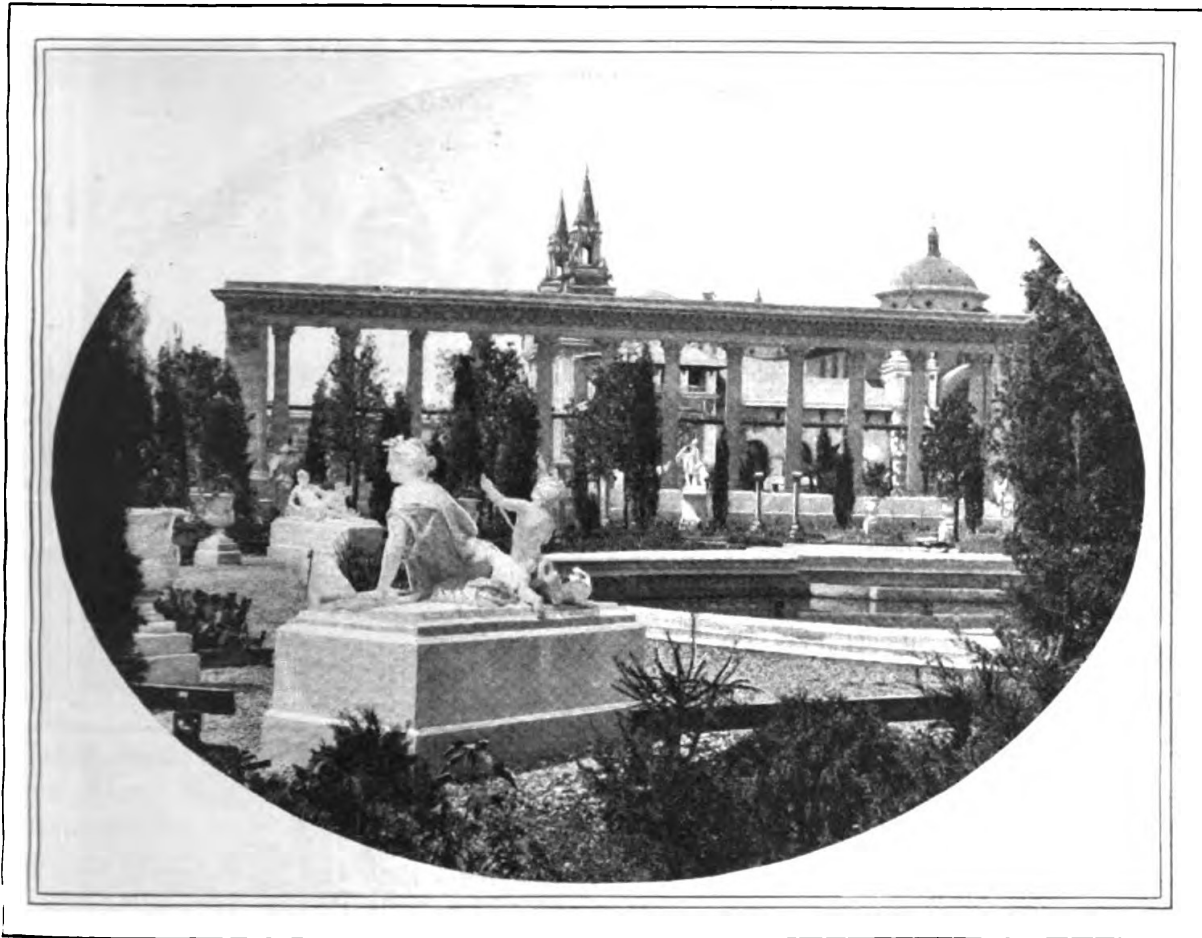
that thrills and saturates and satisfies. This is the City of Living Light, and those who look upon it know that in their wildest flights of fancy they never conceived anything to which it can be compared.

A MARVELOUS ILLUMINATION.

Classic light bearing pillars step out of the darkness, and stand sentinel wise over the broad walks, the esplanade, the

ing light, and fantastic brilliancy surmounts it all. This is the Electric Tower, the incarnated spirit of the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo.

The points of light appear to multiply until it seems that there must be millions of them. Strange how the passion for numbers takes possession of the American mind everywhere, at all times! I was sure that there must be at least a million lights in this tower,



THE COURT OF CYPRESSES—"A RETIRED, COOL SPOT, WITH STATUES HALF HIDDEN BEHIND INVITING GREENERY, LIKE A BIT OF VERSAILLES."

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plaza; waters start from luminous recesses of fountains. The little lakes and the canal sparkle and shine in turn. The great open space, three times as large as was the Court of Honor at the World's Fair in Chicago, is glowing with a soft, suffused light. The buildings are dotted outlines: columns, cornices, domes, spires, and minarets stand out against the darkness of space, and no line of beauty is lost. At one end, and commanding it all, a great square shaft of light mounts nearly four hundred feet in the air. Its walls are solid, glow-

which shows what a feeble, inaccurate thing is one's gift of observation, and how exaggeration runs riot; for the tower has only about thirty five thousand lights, and in the whole exposition there are but two hundred and fifty thousand. One feels a sense of injustice, almost injury, when the simple facts are told, so the youths who wheel visitors about in chairs kindly give the tower as many lights as they think their clients demand; half a million is considered a fairly safe number.

From the lower part of the tower

gushes a little cataract that boils so furiously and plunges so noisily into the little lake that it suggests a miniature Niagara. The water is the loveliest green, like that of the great falls miles away which make the City of Living Light. For it does live. There is something real about its very unreality. There are no masses of concentrated

is carried to Buffalo by a cable no larger than a woman's wrist should be.

THE GRAND FEATURE OF THE EXPOSITION.

This mighty illumination is so much more worth while, so much bigger, than all else at the Pan American, it so dominates everything, that the exposition will be remembered as the City of Liv-



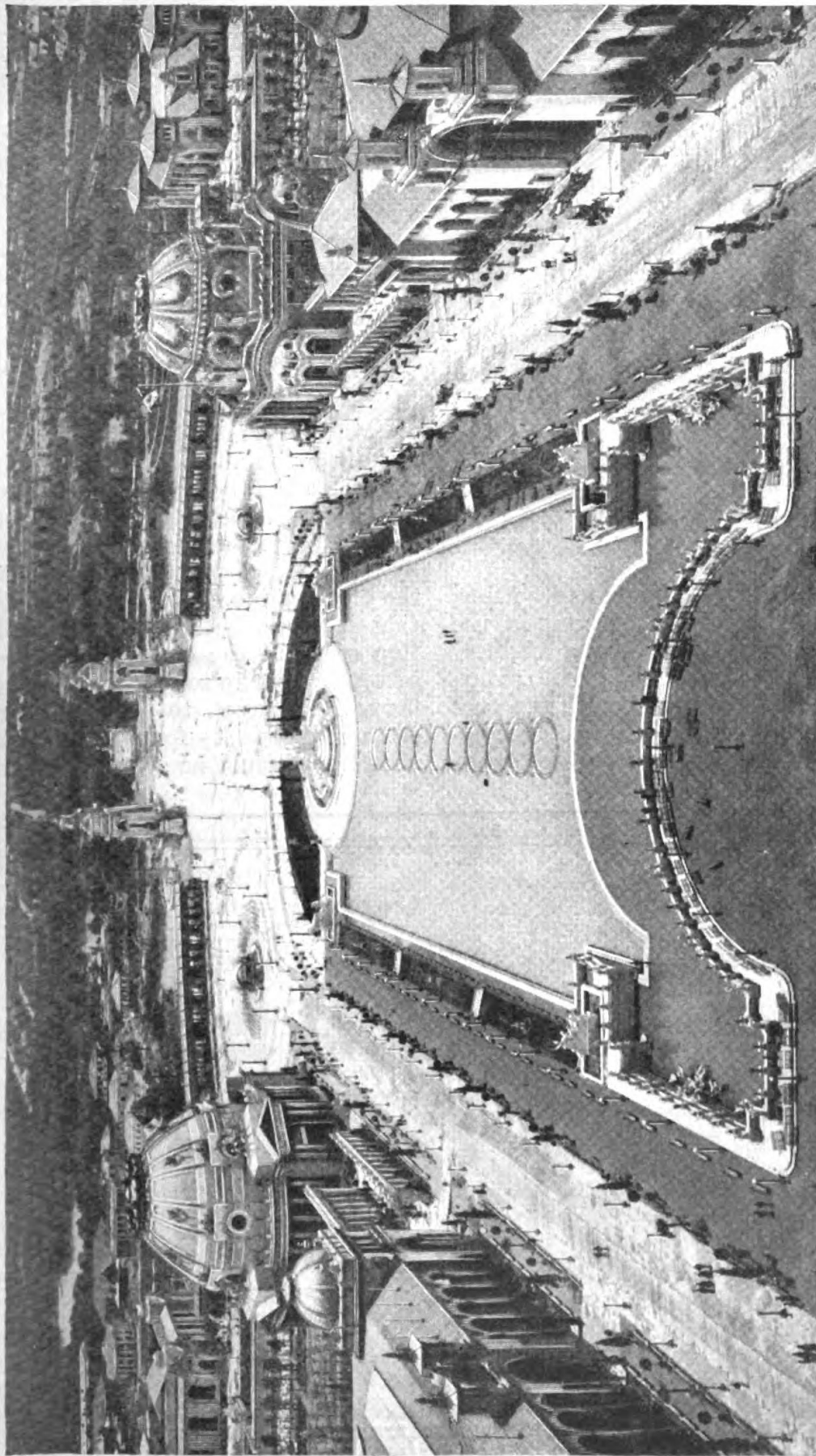
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING, FROM THE ESPLANADE, WITH THE FOUNTAIN OF MAN IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a copyrighted photograph by C. D. Arnold.

brilliancy that dazzle and weary, but rather a great phosphorescence. The air seems vibrant with it; it has a warmth, a strangely human element, that is not usual with electric light. And if one comments upon this, the omnipresent person charged with facts will pop out the information that this is because the lights are of but eight candle power, half that of the ordinary incandescent lamp.

Then, too, one has the feeling that it is not artificial, but merely a translation of nature. Twenty five miles away, a mighty column of water shoots down nearly two hundred feet upon a wheel, which whirls under the tremendous pressure, turning a cone shaped thing at the surface that looks like a top spinning upside down. Thus is the force of Niagara transformed into electricity, which

ing Light, just as the World's Fair at Chicago was the White City. The snowy beauty of the latter was not a whit more satisfying than the Buffalo marvel. The City of Light is one of those rare effects whose splendor makes the beholder feel that there is enough of it, that there is nothing more to be desired. It gives one a sense of personal nearness, and no human being can deny its fascination, whether he possesses only the most primitive intelligence or rejoices in cultured refinement far beyond the standards of Boston. Moths are not the only creatures that are attracted by a candle, and there was never a candle like the Electric Tower. As long as I was in Buffalo I felt that great, gleaming shaft drawing me towards it, and when I stood on the Triumphant



Manufactures Building. Ethnology Building.

Temple of Music. Machinery Building.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE ELECTRIC TOWER OVER THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS TO THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE AND DELAWARE PARK.

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"THE SAVAGE AGE IN THE WEST," BY JOHN BOYLE, ONE OF THE GROUPS BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING, TELLING THE STORY OF MAN.

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Causeway, which is as fine as its name, I felt that there was nothing in the world like the City of Living Light.

But when one is of the earth earthy, it is difficult to live up to such supernal beauty for any length of time. The exalted air is hard to breathe because of

its rareness. Antæus-like, we must all touch foot to earth, and it is good to us. With the human love of contrast, we seek the Midway and the "ballyhoo" of the brass throated barkers, the frantic ravings of the bands, the weird posters, the gaping people—the shams of life, which, after all, are the familiar and therefore the real things. Furthermore, one is justified in passing from the illumination to the aggregation of side shows, for the two are the best things of the Buffalo exposition.

THE COLOR SCHEME A DISAPPOINTMENT.

When I went to the Pan American it was with the preconceived notion firmly fixed in my mind that the color scheme was the chief beauty of the show. I had heard it called the Rainbow City. I expected to be startled and charmed by a display of prismatic hues. As to the illumination, I had a half baked idea that it would be like the transformation scene at the end of the ballet, a sort of liqueur to top off the feast, a bit fiery, a bit sweet, to be taken from a sense of duty. As for the buildings, I knew they would be attractive, for ug-



THE MALL, LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS, SHOWING THE NORTH FRONT OF THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

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liness in architecture has gone out of fashion—for which let us pause and offer up thanks. I was certain that the Midway would be worth visiting. To begin with, there is much pleasure in being “conned”—is there any other word that expresses the idea?—when you know it, and when the confidence man is skilful and eloquent. We object to being swindled only when we are deceived, which shows that our pride and not our pocketbook suffers most.

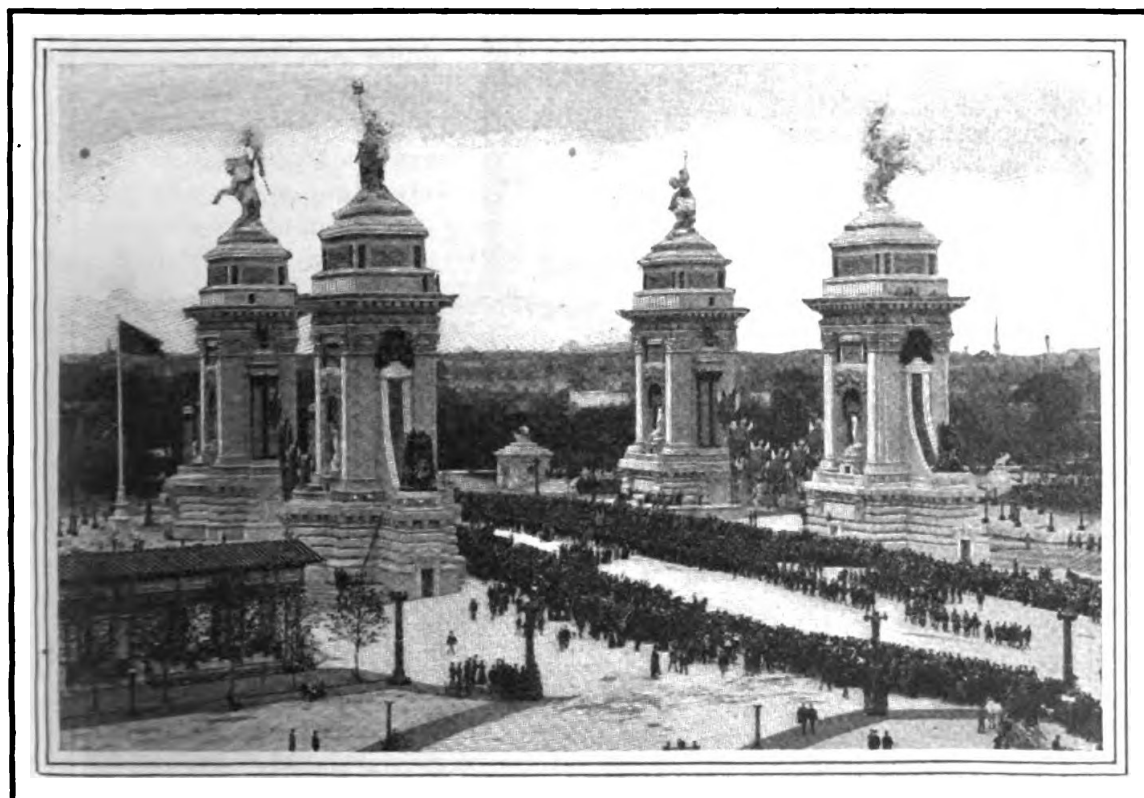
When I came away, and struck a trial balance of my anticipations and the facts, I found that there was much to be credited to the profit side, due principally to the night display; but the color scheme fell far short of my expectations. I had promised myself those fine glowing effects one sees along the Mediterranean, the strong, vigorous smashes of color. It was a brilliant conception, this idea of making the Pan American a rainbow city, but it seems to me that the execution falls short. Mind you, this is a one man view, and Mr. Turner knows more about color than I could absorb during a lifetime. It is not a failure—and heaven knows there



“THE AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT,” BY HERBERT ADAMS, ONE OF THE GROUPS BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING, TELLING THE STORY OF MAN.

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was opportunity for a ghastly one—but it seems to me that it is not a success because of timidity. Its virtues are negative. Mr. Turner tried to tell the story of man’s progress in the colors, as I understand it. It is a sad, faded story, if the colors are to be credited. The



THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE, THE STATE ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN COURT OF THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

From a copyrighted photograph by C. D. Arnold.

washed out blues and yellows would indicate that poor, feeble man was discouraged the greater part of the time. Only the browns, indicating the period of study, I presume, and the greens—you can draw your own conclusion of what they typify—had any assertiveness. I could not help but feel that if Mr. Turner had used strong colors, if he had been more elemental and less dilettante, the result would have been more satisfactory. Perhaps my taste is voiced by Eugene Field's lines:

Any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits me best;
Though I will allow there is much
to be said
For yellows and green and the
rest;
But the feeble tints which some
affect
In the things they make or buy
Have never—I say it with all respect—
Appealed to my critical eye.

THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE EXPOSITION.

As for the architecture, I am sure I should have enjoyed it more had I been

able to see more of it. The principal buildings are crowded so closely together that much of the beauty is missed, because when one goes to an exposition he hasn't time to hunt out things. They must smite him vigorously in order to receive recognition. The first impression is that everything was sacrificed for the big court area. Then one wonders if the buildings were piled one upon another in order to make sightseeing easier. As a matter of fact, the harmony of the whole design is so perfect, and so skilful is the execution, that the individual buildings do not stand out as they otherwise might.

Yet they differ widely. The Renaissance style gives an architect freedom to do pretty much anything he chooses, and the chances have not been neglected here, but in some mysterious way the relations are preserved. The Triumphal Bridge, designed to balance the Electric Tower—the apex of the whole composi-



THE GREAT ELECTRIC TOWER, DESIGNED BY J. J. HOWARD, THE MOST STRIKING ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE OF THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

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tion—is one of the best things. The four great pylons, with their sculptures illustrating national power and glory welcoming the world to the exposition, and adorned with garlands of shields and many colored flags, are wonderfully impressive, and the fact that they are apart and have breathing room gives them a dignity and strength denied to many features of the show.

All the principal buildings are deserving of a space by themselves. But, crowded as they are, one feels that it will take time to see them, to disentangle them from their neighbors, and he postpones this to another day—which never comes. But there are less pretentious things; the pergolas, for instance, extending in a wide sweeping curve with rows of white columns, look like a Pompeian trellis; the terraces running along on either side of the Court of Lilies and the Court of Cypresses, retired, cool spots, with statues half hidden behind inviting greenery, are like bits of Versailles.

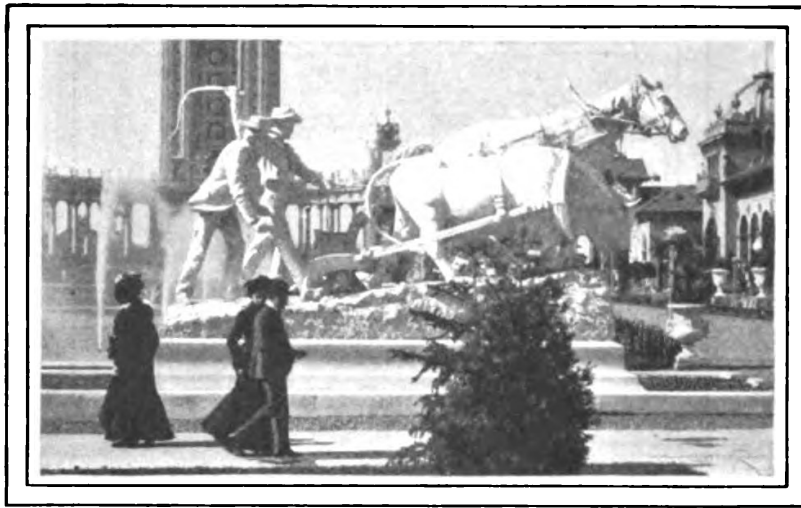
The symmetry of the whole plan is remarkable. Buildings, waterways, corridors, walks, fountains, the landscape gardening—all are component parts of a harmonious whole. The grounds embrace but three hundred and fifty acres, a third of the space used for the World's Fair in Chicago, and yet, save the compression about the central court, there is nowhere a sense of crowding. And when the fair is illuminated, one realizes that if the buildings were not so close together much of the glory of this nocturnal scene would be lost.

ART AT THE PAN AMERICAN.

The sculpture of all expositions, if it be fine, is a painful subject to the casual visitor, because he knows that he is bound to miss ever so many things he wishes to see. Especially is this true of the groups and figures that are a part of the decorations of the buildings. Therefore, when one attempts to particularize, it is with the realization that it is an



invitation to critics with different opinions. But surely the mounted sculptures on the pylons of the Triumphal Bridge could not fail to command attention. Philip Martiny's Fountain of Abundance did not appeal to me, because there was too much of it. Abundance isn't always inviting. I preferred the near by group representing "Agriculture," by A. P. Proctor, at the corner of the Court of Fountains. I liked it much better than the same artist's "Manufactures" on the opposite side. One of the most impressive groups is in a side show, "Venice in America," on the Midway, the work of Ernest Biondi. It is a bronze with ten life size figures called "The Saturnalia," a tremendously vigorous thing that breathes the spirit of Rome's decadence with a realism that is almost appalling. Google



"AGRICULTURE," BY PHIMISTER PROCTOR, ONE OF THE GROUPS IN THE MAIN COURT, SYMBOLIZING THE WORKS OF MAN.

From a copyrighted photograph by C. D. Arnold.

As for the pictures, the collection of the works of American artists is a very complete one, and because of their representative character and their high excellence the gallery is well worth study, to use a guide book phrase.

THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF THE SHOW.

Thus far nothing has been said about the contents of the buildings, and not much will be here written. I did them with a steadfast and conscientious thoroughness which savored of fanaticism, supported in the effort by a sense of

duty. Probably that is why I saw nothing that awakened my enthusiasm. It is a Pan American show, and the "pans" have responded nobly. Many persons who are interested in the Central and South American countries assured me that their exhibits are very complete and instructive.

Unfortunately, those whose lot it has been to attend many expositions have grown blasé. We wander through the buildings and dare the

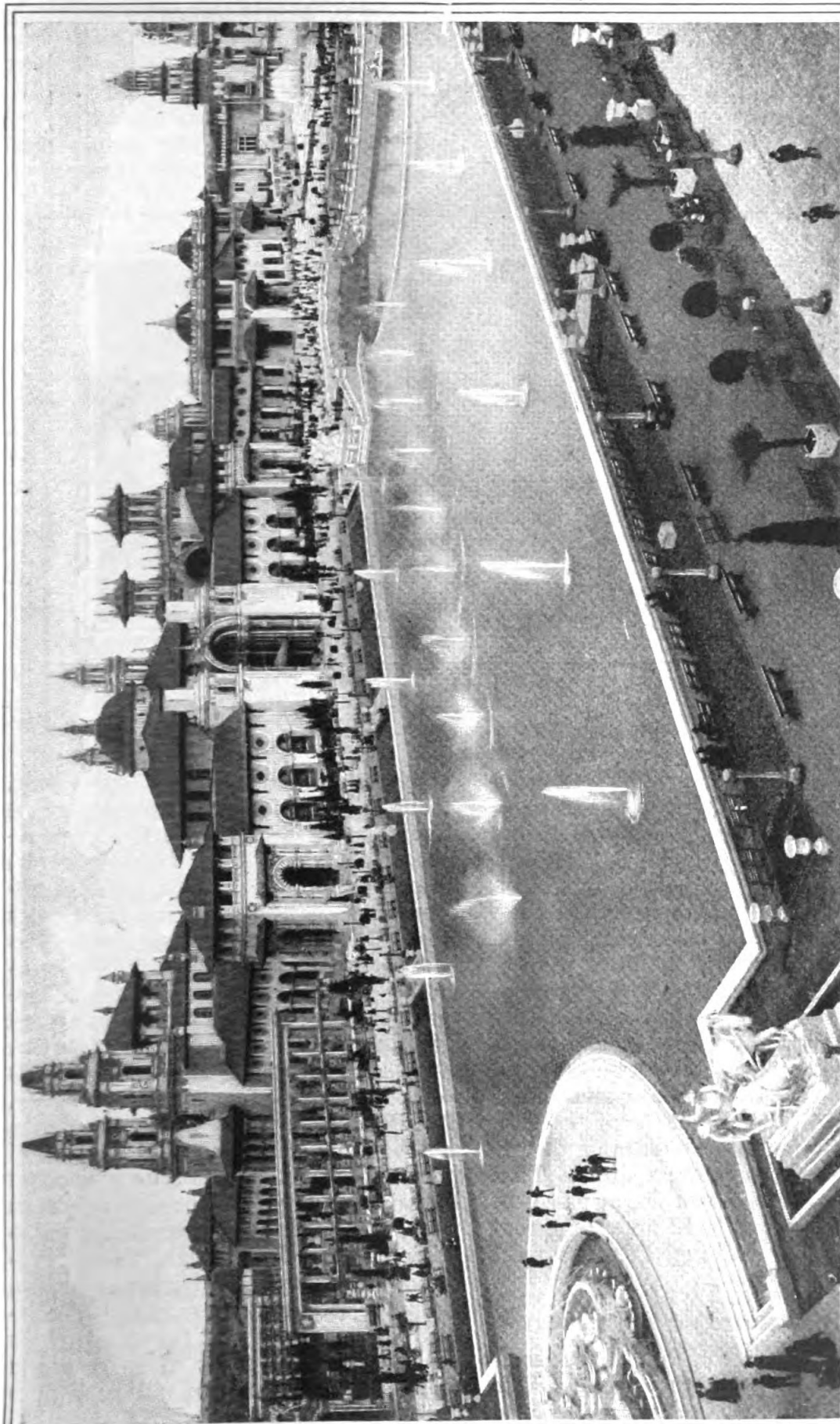
exhibits to surprise and interest us. We expect to be bored. It is curious how people will turn from magnificent displays that cost thousands of dollars to watch some young woman with nimble fingers and a nimbler tongue making visitors buy things they do not want at a concessionaire's stand. Most of us possess a kindly Christian spirit, born of a sense of personal superiority, that makes us look with pleasure upon the cozening of others.

I saw nothing inside the buildings of the Pan American to startle me out of

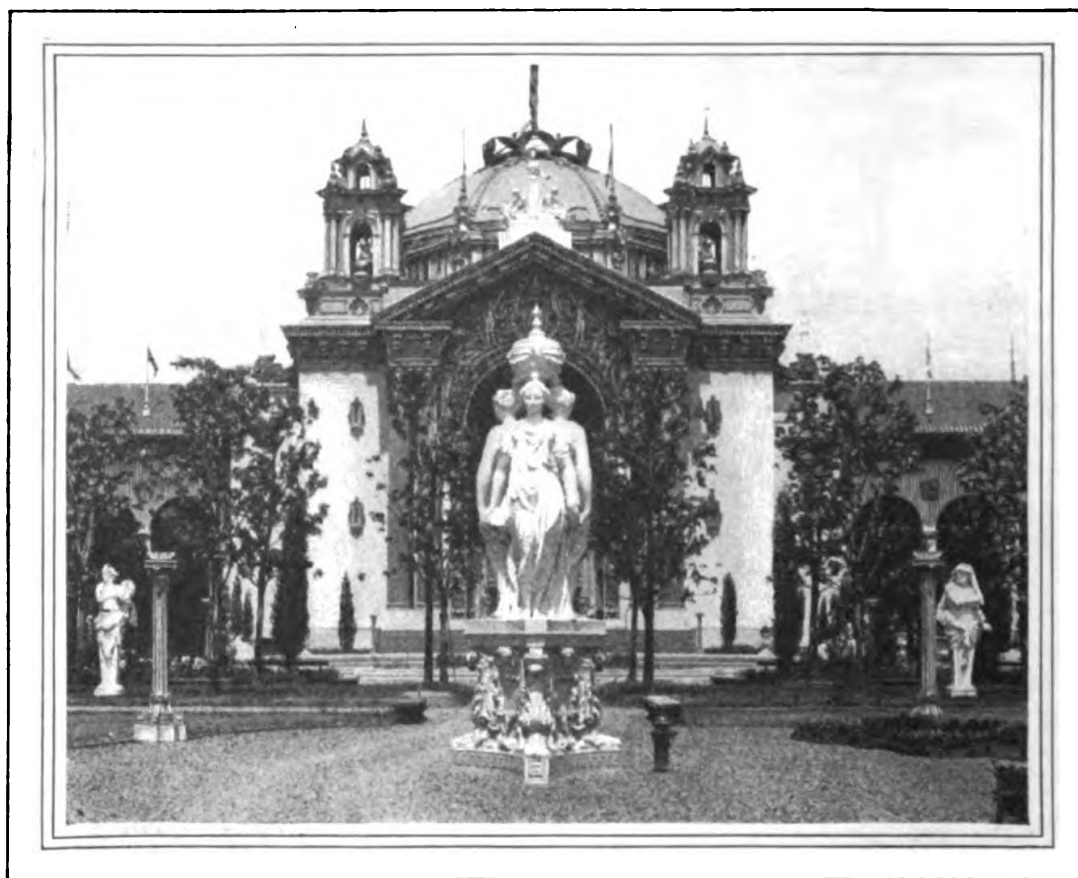


THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING, VIEWED FROM THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

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Fountain of Abundance. "Agriculture." Machinery Building. Electricity Building.
 THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS, THE MAIN COURT OF THE EXPOSITION, LOOKING FROM THE ETHNOLOGY BUILDING OVER TO THE MACHINERY AND ELECTRICITY BUILDINGS.
From a copyrighted photograph by C. D. Arnold.



IN THE COURT OF CYPRESSES, BETWEEN THE ETHNOLOGY BUILDING AND THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

From a copyrighted photograph by C. D. Arnold

my attitude of indifference. The World's Fair was so tremendous, so universal, so complete, that years must pass before another can compare with it. The advances that have been made in the interval are largely along technical lines. At Buffalo, in the electrical building, and in fact everywhere, things were to be seen that fascinated those familiar with the science; but to the mind that cannot grasp electricity at all, and I fear it is a dark mystery to most of us, there was little that was new and understandable. The government exhibit, which contains almost nothing that is novel, appealed to more visitors. That which one can see in a dozen places in Washington is gathered under one roof at Buffalo, and arranged in the most attractive fashion.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MIDWAY.

In one respect the Pan American is bigger than its predecessors, and that is in its side shows. Much space has been given over to the Midway, which has now come to be recognized as one of the

important features of an exposition. Ethnologically, it is not as complete as it might well be, for it is far more interesting to look upon strange peoples in a reproduction of their natural surroundings than it is to see their work only. The African village is impressively savage, and when the half nude women dance they suggest certain effects seen on Broadway in summer in a most startling way. The popular feminine attire of last summer shows how nearly we had reverted to elemental conditions. The Philippine village is very complete, and visitors go there with a sense of proprietorship. This is true also of the Hawaiian village, and one is uncertain whether the natives' wonderful swimming or their love songs, those plaintive, melancholy, enticing melodies, make the stronger impression. The Indian village is the biggest thing on the Midway, both in point of space and in numbers. The Mexican village, with its pretty dancing girls and the sham bull fight; the Japanese village, which overflows the whole grounds in the form of

jinrikishas—drawn, as a rule, by young Americans—and the “Beautiful Orient,” which is, of course, like the “Streets of Cairo,” are all interesting, although more attention is paid to the stage shows than to anything else. There are thrillers, of which the “Trip

thousand admissions daily, of which probably twenty five thousand were paid. No doubt the excessively hot weather of the early part of the summer kept many people away. During this dog day period hundreds of young women walked about with sleeves rolled up



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRIC LIGHT—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE, IN THE BACKGROUND THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING.

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to the Moon ” is the best, and many pictorial and theatrical shows.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF AN EXPOSITION.

Take it all in all, the Pan American is worth going to see, which answers the question most frequently asked of those who have visited it. When I was there, in the dog days, it had not been a financial success. In the latter part of July the gate registers recorded about forty

to elbows and hats fastened to their belts, while their coatless escorts carried canes, probably to indicate that the absence of a coat did not mean that they had left work for a few minutes.

Then, too, the managers of the show complain that the railroads have not treated the exposition fairly in the matter of special rates. Still another reason for the small attendance can be traced to the management itself. Up



IN THE MIDWAY—THE PHILIPPINE VILLAGE.

From a copyrighted photograph by C. D. Arnold.



IN THE MIDWAY—"A TRIP TO THE MOON."

From a copyrighted photograph by C. D. Arnold.

to the day set for the opening it was a very well advertised show. Then the opening had to be postponed for twenty days, and when the crowd was invited to come the exposition was still far from complete. The bond holders, who control the finances, shut off all the advertising, and interest subsided. It seems to be true that, no matter how great an exposition may be, no matter how successful in carrying out a splendidly broad idea, the methods and instincts of the showman are required to get people inside the gates.

But, after all, there is only one feature of the Pan American that is stamped

indelibly upon my consciousness. I feel now that I could afford to have missed the fantastic rainbow buildings, and the displays in them, the fine landscapes, the sculptures, the gondolas in glowing waters, the imitations of Versailles; but had I missed the illumination I should feel that something had been denied me that I could never again have the privilege of enjoying. It seems to me now that I shall never hear a band playing in the night without thinking of the esplanade, when the music was floating over the great court and all was nothingness outside the supernal glory of the City of Living Light.



THE MIDWAY AT THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION—THE AMUSEMENT ANNEX HAS COME TO BE RECOGNIZED AS A NECESSARY DEPARTMENT OF EVERY GREAT EXPOSITION.

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